

CIGARETTE PAPERS.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

Royal Kew.

When I read an account of King Edward VII's recent visit to Kew, it was in my mind's eye two pictures—the first, Cobbett sweeping the grass-plot in his blue smock, and George IV smiling at the uncouth youngster; the second, the wistful King receiving the greetings of the people of old Kew. One rejoices to read of the hearty reception King Edward VII met with on his unexpected appearance in the gardens the other day. There were many casual visitors present. They literally stopped his Majesty's carriage while they sang "God Save the King." A friend who was present says "his Majesty was evidently much gratified, but there was a wistful look in his eyes that seemed to suggest an overwhelming sense of the great responsibility that has fallen upon his shoulders, and, furthermore, that he looked far from well."

When George the Third was King.

Although Caroline, the persecuted wife of the second George, turned the first sod towards the creation of Kew Gardens, George III. and his Queen were more intimately associated with Kew than any other Royal personages. It was in the autumn of 1766, after an attack had been made upon the King, that the good people of the hamlet of Kew solaced him with a royal demonstration that is recorded by Madame D'Arblay in these few words:—"An exceedingly pretty scene was exhibited to-day to their Majesties. We came, as usual, on every alternate Tuesday, to Kew. The Queen's Lodge is at the end of a long meadow, surrounded with houses, which is called Kew Green, and this was quite filled with all the old inhabitants of the place—the lame, old, blind, sick, and infants—who all assembled dressed in their Sunday garb to line the sides of the road through which their Majesties passed, attended by a band of musicians arranged in the front, who began 'God Save the King' the moment they came upon the Green, and finished it with loud huzzas. This affected the Queen to tears, and speaking of it afterwards, she said, 'I'd always love little Kew for this.'

Now, in those days of a simple and un-intellectual Royalty, the Green was not raised in nor, it would seem, was the hamlet walled out of the Royal Lodge and gardens. The Green must invariably have had an aspect of sober somnolence when George the Third was King, such as it suggests even now once in a way, on still autumn mornings in the middle of the week. You may easily picture the Royal square and his wife acknowledging the loyal greeting of the metely and picturesque little crowd a hundred odd years ago.

The Romance of a Poor Lad.

William Cobbett at eleven years of age was clipping box-edgings and weeding beds of flowers in the garden of the Bishop of Winchester, at the Castle of Farnham when a man down from Kew gave such description of those gardens that the lad determined to go and work them. The next morning, with nothing but the clothes on his back and thirteen pence in his pocket he set off for Kew. Trudging through Richmond in his blue smock, and red gartered trowsers under his knees, he went staring about a shop window where his eyes fell on "The Tale of a Tub," price 3d. As he had eaten on the road and lost out of his pocket had left him just 3d. If he bought the book he could have no supper. He bought the book, got even into a field at the upper end of Kew Gardens, and, on the shady side of a haystack, sat down to read his book, the odd title of which had so attracted him. Though he could not understand a good deal of it he read it with pleasure, then put it into his pocket, turned over, and went to sleep. When the birds awoke him he went into the garden and asked for work. His confident manner, the oddity of his dress, and probably the naturally kind heart of the chief gardener, who was a Scotchman, obtained for him not only employment, but food and lodgings. Soon afterwards King George IV., and two of his brothers stopped to note the oddity of the lad's dress while he was sweeping the grass-plot round the foot of the pagoda, and acknowledged smilingly the youngster's salute. Cobbett always regarded his coming across "The Tale of a Tub" as the birth of his intellect, and for years he carried it about with him. "When at about 20," he writes, "I lost it in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy, in North America, the loss gave me greater pain than I have ever felt at losing a thousand pounds."

Why King Edward VII. Visited Kew.

I should not wonder that King Edward VII. went to Kew to see a portion of the gardens that used to be private, and which his gracious mother a year or so before her death relinquished to the public. Until recently it remained entirely unchanged from the days when the rural crowds cheered their neighbour the third George and his wife. When she dedicated Kew to the public, Queen Victoria reserved this little plot—about half-a-dozen acres. It was raised and kept apart from the rest of the grounds. The Royal cottage, where the King and Queen played at being poor people, still remains. It was closed when I saw it, and had not been opened for many years. The park round about it was almost in a wild state. One day in the springtime of the year I walked over the Royal acres, accompanied by that admirable and learned curator, Sir Joseph Hooker, and it was as it is today, a world of bluebells, though at that time with an atmosphere of romance and a certain mystery of silence that belongs to fences and walls and railings in historic spaces. Wild hyacinths literally covered the ground, every inch of it. Great trees grew up as it were out of their beds and hiding the sky seemed to keep down the perfume which every little breeze stirred into a delicious activity.

Freaks of Fortune.

I have heard it said that in the days when men bought their way into the Army and paid for their steps the chances of promotion from the ranks were fewer than they are to-day, and the difficulties of a private taking his place by promotion among the officers under whom he had previously served

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Questions required to be answered the same week reach the office by TUESDAY morning. Valuations, whether of dozen books, or boxes, &c., and the like, should be forwarded to the Postmaster. Letters should be addressed to "Editor," in ink and marked outside "Household." "Madame," "Sporting," &c., will not be accepted. The copies of the "People" forwarded to the editor, with name and address of the subscriber, will be returned to the postmaster. Write to the Local Authority. Quo Viva!—It all depends upon the exact wording of the Articles. Sometimes a change like this is provided for. Sometimes it is not.

CRAZI HARDY.—No; but you can refuse to pay postage then.

KNOX, YONKIPPLE.—I. You have been misinformed. II. No. 3. Many thanks. We think we remember answering your question. See rule above.

X. V. R.—Leave it to the person's wife or some person whom they both consider.

VALLEY, J. C.—I. The County Council. II. We will give you all particulars.

BLIND PAUL.—We fear not.

BLIND.—Yes, it is in their discretion.

VAUGHN.—Commit a solicitor. It will cost £5.

A. L. PARK.—I. A yearly tenant. II. No.

2. Probably. 3. No.

U. S. F.—I. We do not think so. You can claim your characters if addressed to you and not to her.

T. STONE.—Divided equally between all her brothers and sisters, unless she has freed herself, in which case it will go to her oldest brother.

LINCOLN.—I. No, they cannot do that. See them for difference. 2. A week.

G. O. L.—You could. Why not consult another solicitor.

WORRINGTON.—They could. Be very careful, as it is a serious charge in the end.

DAVID GARDINE.—Distrust them for rent through a broker.

C. CHANDLER.—We cannot say.

SARINA.—We are not aware that there is any rule on the subject.

J. McDONALD.—Three consecutive years' residence.

PARK.—No; so long as you give six months' notice to expire on the day the tenancy commenced.

FLORENCE, ENGLISH GIRL.—It would be legal in England; but make careful inquiries as to the formalities to be gone through by foreign law.

LEWIS, Q. K. H.—The "People" advertising column at the head of "Medical Advice."

ORIGINAL ADVICE.—Not to be sent on any account. We cannot be responsible for any damage that may be caused by giving advice.

WILLIAM.—We do not consider it necessary to return the money.

ROBERT.—I. We must come direct to the professional agent, who supplies the information.

CHARLES.—I. We must be sent on the address of the professional agent.

JOHN.—I. We must be sent on the address of the professional agent.

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(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED)
THE MYSTIC RUBY.
By LORIN LATHROP.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAND OF THE SUN AND SUE.

Mrs. Aydelett had hurried her band and daughter away on such short notice for the reason that before Mirza Abullah had come with suggestions of Persia, she had practically made arrangements for them all to go to Barsoom, by a certain date, at which time the painters were coming in. To get out of their way, and not to have to make a second move, she had hurried their preparations for the long Persian journey to such good effect that they were off within a fortnight of the day that the idea had been first suggested. She would have liked a little longer delay, for she had not had time to bid all her friends good-bye. It was so pleasant to drop in on people for a cup of tea, and when they would say with an air of triumph, "we are off to the Engadine for the summer," or, "we are just leaving for Dieppe," or, "my children are going to try Newquay this year," it was such a satisfaction to answer casually, "how nice, we are running over to Persia for our little outing—my poor dear husband wants a change."

But such little opportunities to "crow over" her dear friends must be sacrificed to practical considerations, and before her husband quite realized that he was to have a chance at last to visit the land of his dreams, he was whizzing through Berlin on his way thither.

Mrs. Aydelett hated travelling, but she made no complaints when there was a duty to be performed. She was sent to give her dear middle-aged sonny-haired Archibald the slightest chance to suggest again that he was perfectly willing to go alone. Persian women might be veiled, but a masked beauty was the most dangerous of all.

She rushed her unresisting husband, and her rebellious daughter tornado, across Europe, saying that the sooner they got to their destination the sooner they could rest. They caught a glimpse of the lights of Brussels, they saw the inside of a Berlin station, they had a cup of tea in Warsaw. Here Mrs. Aydelett heard that a fast steamer left Odessa every Wednesday for Batoum. They flew onward and caught the boat with four minutes to spare, the good lady plumped herself down on a deck seat, treated for the first time in six days, and condescended to look at the beautiful scenery on the north shore as the fine steamer ploughed the waters of the Black Sea. From Batoum there was a railway journey of 32 hours across to Baku on the Caspian, and the carriages were so good, and the travelling so comfortable, that Mrs. Aydelett began to complain that her husband had purposely exaggerated the annoyances of travel in the vain hope that she would stay at home.

"You are not in Persia, yet," he remarked, significantly.

The old man chuckled to himself from time to time as the steamer from Baku was carrying them towards the Persian shore of the Caspian, and when they were actually landed in Erenz, he looked at his wife critically, estimated her weight at 13 stone, and laughed aloud. She did not see him do it, that would have been heartless; the waters of the Caspian are rough, the steamers are round-bottomed, and the bar across the end of the lagoon at Linzelli produces a choppy sea that is intended to make any but the stoutest-hearted traveller sick. It was only Mrs. Aydelett who suffered, however, and she was descending into the launch, the murmured with tears, "Archibald, what sacrifice I have made for you."

At Erenz the troubles began. It was baking hot, there was no proper accommodation, there was a buzzing insect to every drop of moist heavy air. They must perform push on to Recht, some 10 miles away. After many difficulties, the professor arranged with a muleteer to transport the luggage, and a broken-down droshky, that had served a long career in Russia, was finally dug out of some mysterious hole. Into this wreck of a vehicle they climbed, after crossing the lagoon, and were driven in state to their first Persian resting place. It was dark when they arrived, and the inn accommodation was such that Mrs. Aydelett prayed her husband to take the next boat back to civilisation, but Rose cheered her mother up, and finally they went to rest much dispirited at their first sight of the sunny land of Persia.

It was the work of two days to make the preparations necessary for the journey into the interior. All sorts of things, down to pots, kettles, and pans, had to be bought in the bazaars, and there was a most elaborate agreement to be made with the muleteer or carriage-driver who was to provide horses.

All these vexatious arrangements were smoothed by a Persian servant whom the Professor had engaged.

Nasrullah presented himself before the professor was well awake on the first morning, and with a low bow informed the sahib required an attendant and courier. He was from the south of Persia, he explained, and was returning home. He would forfeit his eyes, and afterwards his head, if he did not serve the sahib well. Nasrullah was engaged on the spot, and he immediately assumed an air of great importance, and went out and kicked a boy who was waiting amid a crowd of a hundred or two people, for a sight of the two English ladies who went about unveiled. At this brave air, and furious assault, the crowd drew away a little, whereupon he settled his black lambkin cap more firmly on his head, drew his long coat with its voluminously plaited tails close about him, and threatened the mob, with bitter vituperative expressions of contempt, that he personally would annihilate the lot if they disturbed the comfort of his high Excellency or of the star-eyed ladies.

The imposing caravan, augmented by muleteers, attendants, cooks, servants—to the number of thirty in all—was to have started at four on the Wednesday morning, but it really got away at eight. "And a very good time too," said Nasrullah complacently.

"It might have been noon." He rode at the head of the cavalcade, mounted on a horse so surprisingly better than anybody else's that, as soon as they were clear of the town, the professor forced him into an unwilling ex-

change with Mrs. Aydelett's mount.

"On my head be it," he said mournfully, as the muleteers laughed at his crestfallen air; "but it is my own horse, and not built to carry a mountain."

He stepped forward with outstretched hand.

"Welcome to Tehran," he cried.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ATTACK IN THE DESERT.

It was a shock to Rose to see Lascelles, associated as he was in her mind with the faithless lover, whose change of scene and hard travelling were helping her to forget. But, after all, it was pleasant so far from home to see a face she had seen in London, and to hear a voice she had heard among the surroundings of home. She did not know him very well, but he looked older and more careworn than she remembered him as looking, and he seemed to feel that she would notice, for he explained with a harsh laugh, that his struggles with postboys and in travelling from Erenz had worn him out.

He seemed to approach both Rose and her parents in a hesitating way, as though uncertain of his reception, and he brightened up immediately when all greeted him so cordially. He was certain now that FitzMallock had not appeared in London after he left. He breathed more freely. The future was safe for him. FitzMallock was certainly dead, and he was here in a new land with a new future before him, far away from associations that would recall the horrors of Limehouse Causeway. He looked with gloating admiration at Rose, as she stood under the shade of the tree in front of the hotel, looking as fresh as though she had not just emerged from a lumbering vehicle that had trundled her through miles of forest, at a slow walking pace, and it was not until nearly one o'clock that they came to Kuhdum, where they made preparations to spend the afternoon and night. They had only accomplished sixteen miles, and the two ladies were dead tired out.

The servants swept out and cleaned as well as they could a couple of rooms in the great caravansary, and hung up curtains and spread rugs. Then they prepared a meal. Mrs. Aydelett no longer displayed the eager haste which had characterised her jaunt across Europe. As she lay on the rug in the sunshiny air, she said faintly, "Archibald, I think it is a shame that you dragged me from my peaceful home to endure such misery as this."

The professor smiled. He was having his revenge.

"The worst is over," he cried cheerily; "we shall begin to climb the mountains now, where it will be cooler."

Climb, indeed, they did the next day. Even Rose, who was a plucky horsewoman, had all she could do to hold on, as her sun-bleached mare struggled up what she called—and justly—"very steep stairs" much out of repair." Her mother, with a Persian holding her on the saddle and another leading the horse, tried in vain to snatch sufficient breath to tell her husband what she thought of him for concealing the horrors of this journey.

The professor had been too clever for that. His wife would have accused him of multiplying difficulties that she might be induced to remain at home; and, if she had been so clever, her husband might have believed him at last, would have prevented him in some way his going.

"Courage," he cried, as the horses scrambled over the crags, "we are getting over the worst, and it is only a couple of hundred miles farther."

Climb, indeed, they did the next day. Even Rose, who was a plucky horsewoman, had all she could do to hold on, as her sun-bleached mare struggled up what she called—and justly—"very steep stairs" much out of repair."

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After dinner, when the cool air of the evening made life tolerable, he suggested a walk; and he led them, apparently without care as to where he was going, through the beautiful boulevard of the Ambassadors, through Artillery-square, past the European shops, the principal mosque, and Rose crept close to her father's side, in terrorified enjoyment of the dread tales. The muleteers trembled at the audacity of Nasrullah, who thus presumed to talk of these powers of evil in their very stronghold, and muttered invocations to Allah to protect them from the consequences of his impious folly. Nasrullah, seemingly delighted at his own power as a story-teller, watched the effect of his tales with great apparent pride and satisfaction. He gave rough answer to the more timid among the men who prayed him to desist. He called them children, afraid of their own shadows, and at last went so far as to rail out defiance at the shadowy wardens of the marshes; and all the while he was listening, turning his head with expectancy, as though he would catch the first hint of the coming of the avenging Iffrits; but strangely enough, he did not seem to anticipate their arrival from the desert. His head was turned as though he expected their attack from the road in front.

But Nasrullah was expecting an approach from that quarter, it was not likely that he would be disappointed; though it was no procession of ghostly visitors who were hurrying towards him at running speed. Three horsemen were urging their horses with whip and spur towards the North. Their costumes bristled with the picturesque weapons of a bygone day. Their pistols, whose long carved handles projected ominously from their belts, were of the sort that Dick Turpin might have used, and their swords, which clashed against their iron stirrups from time to time, were curved as was the one which Saladin had used to sever the grommet veil in mid-air. But across their backs were slung modern breech-loading rifles, which they were able to use with deadly accuracy. Even without these modern weapons, they would, however, have been formidable adversaries, for an old-fashioned pistol, properly handled, is capable of making an inquisitive man regret once and for ever that he yielded to the temptation of looking down its barrel. Their hardy horses were comparatively fresh, notwithstanding the pace to which they were urged; but from time to time they had a chance to breathe, as their riders paused to listen. The wind was in their faces, and bore towards them faint sounds from long distances, in the clear air.

At last from far ahead, there floated to them the faint echo of a human voice. Was Nasrullah, under pretence of defying the dark spirits of the desert at the top of his voice really signalling to them? It seemed so.

As Nasrullah looked at his little band of cowardly Persians whom superstitious terrors had now completely disheartened, he showed more vehement defiance, to the amusement of the professor, who was startled by the vigorous flow of his language. He would have had to put a stop to this comedy, if his wife and daughter had understood Persian, as many of Nasrullah's epithets were, to put it mildly, horrid in the extreme. The professor foretold a most amusing chapter in his book on Persia—of course, he was going to write one in which he would insert an ingenious comparison between Nasrullah's foul mouth with kidney trouble.

The professor made no objection, and Mrs. Aydelett was greatly pleased. As for Rose, she was rather glad than otherwise. It would certainly not be quite so lonely to have

some one not far from her own age to whom she could talk.

WELCOME TO TEHRAN," he cried.

CHAPTER XV.

IT was a shock to Rose to see Lascelles, associated as he was in her mind with the faithless lover, whose change of scene and hard travelling were helping her to forget. But, after all, it was pleasant so far from home to see a face she had seen in London, and to hear a voice she had heard among the surroundings of home. She did not know him very well, but he looked older and more careworn than she remembered him as looking, and he seemed to feel that she would notice, for he explained with a harsh laugh, that his struggles with postboys and in travelling from Erenz had worn him out.

"What was his name?" asked Lascelles.

"Abdullah—why? what's the matter?"

"Nothing," answered Lascelles.

He was greatly startled at learning that Abdullah had ought to do with the professor's coming to Persia, and could but conclude that the same persons who were interested in FitzMallock's affairs were also concerned in the professor's. If this were the case, he was almost certain to meet Karshish, or the mysterious man whom he had seen in the house in Limehouse Causeway; and it was a nightmare to him to think that he must sooner or later come face to face with these accomplices in crime. He would have liked to turn back, to go somewhere where he might bury past; but as he thought that his eye would be the figure of Rose, who was riding ahead, by the side of the litter, he watched in the dim light of the now full rising moon the graceful form so charmingly outlined by the sun setting habit, he felt that the ultimate reward he would be worth all his anxiety and trouble.

He was disturbed by the professor's voice, who was calling him sharply. "I beg your pardon," he said, "I was thinking."

"What do you mean?" asked his frightened auditor.

"That we are coming to Shah Abdul Azim, a city of refuge. No murderer can be arrested so long as he remains in the courtyard of the mosque."

"I shall turn Mahomedan tomorrow," said Lascelles, trying to laugh, "so that I may not lose such a great advantage."

They hurried through this ancient town with its curly population of thieves, insolvent debtors, and cut-throats, and towards dawn, when they were miles beyond it, set up their tents by the side of a clear and beautiful stream, under the shade of gigantic plane trees, and there they stayed during the entire day, resuming the route only when the baking sun had disappeared in the west. The route was so hot that it was necessary that they should be able to settle down and surround themselves with shade, seclusion, and comfort. The letters of introduction which the professor had brought to the Ambassador and to others in the capital could await a favourable opportunity for delivery, later in the year, when it would be easy for the professor to take a little jaunt up to Tehran. Kashan was only a hundred miles away.

Lascelles had thought of nothing during the week he had spent at the capital except how to make himself agreeable to the professor's party when they should arrive. He did this not only for the sake of Rose, but because he wished to establish himself under his wings. How could he, not knowing the language, practice medicine in Kashan, unless there was somebody who would lend a helping hand?

After dinner, when the cool air of the evening made life tolerable, he suggested a walk; and he led them, apparently without care as to where he was going, through the beautiful boulevard of the Ambassadors, through Artillery-square, past the European shops, the principal mosque, and Rose crept close to her father's side, in terrorized enjoyment of the dread tales. The muleteers trembled at the audacity of Nasrullah, who thus presumed to talk of these powers of evil in their very stronghold, and muttered invocations to Allah to protect them from the consequences of his impious folly. Nasrullah, seemingly delighted at his own power as a story-teller, watched the effect of his tales with great apparent pride and satisfaction. He gave rough answer to the more timid among the men who prayed him to desist. He called them children, afraid of their own shadows, and at last went so far as to rail out defiance at the shadowy wardens of the marshes; and all the while he was listening, turning his head with expectancy, as though he would catch the first hint of the coming of the avenging Iffrits; but strangely enough, he did not seem to anticipate their arrival from the desert. His head was turned as though he expected their attack from the road in front.

But Nasrullah was expecting an approach from that quarter, it was not likely that he would be disappointed; though it was no procession of ghostly visitors who were hurrying towards him at running speed. Three horsemen were urging their horses with whip and spur towards the North. Their costumes bristled with the picturesque weapons of a bygone day. Their pistols, whose long carved handles projected ominously from their belts, were of the sort that Dick Turpin might have used, and their swords, which clashed against their iron stirrups from time to time, were curved as was the one which Saladin had used to sever the grommet veil in mid-air. But across their backs were slung modern breech-loading rifles, which they were able to use with deadly accuracy. Even without these modern weapons, they would, however, have been formidable adversaries, for an old-fashioned pistol, properly handled, is capable of making an inquisitive man regret once and for ever that he yielded to the temptation of looking down its barrel. Their hardy horses were comparatively fresh, notwithstanding the pace to which they were urged; but from time to time they had a chance to breathe, as their riders paused to listen. The wind was in their faces, and bore towards them faint sounds from long distances, in the clear air.

At last from far ahead, there floated to them the faint echo of a human voice. Was Nasrullah, under pretence of defying the dark spirits of the desert at the top of his voice really signalling to them? It seemed so.

As Nasrullah looked at his little band of cowardly Persians whom superstitious terrors had now completely disheartened, he showed more vehement defiance, to the amusement of the professor, who was startled by the vigorous flow of his language. He would have had to put a stop to this comedy, if his wife and daughter had understood Persian, as many of Nasrullah's epithets were, to put it mildly, horrid in the extreme. The professor foretold a most amusing chapter in his book on Persia—of course, he was going to write one in which he would insert an ingenious comparison between Nasrullah's foul mouth with kidney trouble.

The professor made no objection, and Mrs. Aydelett was greatly pleased. As for Rose, she was rather glad than otherwise. It would certainly not be quite so lonely to have

THE BOOKMAN.

A fascinating, inviting, unique, absurd kind of clever story is "The Lord of the Sea," by M. P. Shiel, who wrote that remarkable romance of war and barbarism, "The Yellow Danger." Without for one moment dispelling the weird kind of genius that could inspire such a story as "The Lord of the Sea" or the executive ability that can make it seem possible, I feel that I have wasted a good deal of time in reading it.

M. P. Shiel cannot complain as "Mdme."

Sarah Grand complained of the critic who vowed he could not read her book. By the way, what is the matter with the world? Or is it the new method of advertising? "Mdme." Grand is lecturing on "Men—Man." Poor "Men—Man."

Professor Aydelett and Lascelles were also concerned in the professor's. If this were the case, he was almost certain to meet Karshish, or the mysterious man whom he had seen in the house in Limehouse Causeway; and it was a nightmare to him to think that he must sooner or later come face to face with these accomplices in crime. He would have liked to turn back, to go somewhere where he might bury past; but as he thought that his eye would be the figure of Rose, who was riding ahead, by the side of the litter, he watched in the dim light of the now full rising moon the graceful form so charmingly outlined by the sun setting habit, he felt that the ultimate reward he would be worth all his anxiety and trouble.

He was disturbed by the professor's voice, who was calling him sharply. "I beg your pardon," he said, "I was thinking."

He was greatly startled at learning that Abdullah had ought to do with the professor's coming to Persia, and could but conclude that the same persons who were interested in FitzMallock's affairs were also concerned in the professor's.

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OUR OMNIBUS.

THE CONDUCTOR.

French, German, American, and even Belgian writers, discussing the war, from their own experiences at the front, have borne witness to the humanity of the British operations and to the generosity of the private soldier. Military critics who regard the war as a terrible game, to be played on the severest lines, have blamed our general for not emulating the policy of the Germans in the war with France, as in the end the most merciful to both sides. So far as themselves, women participants have expressed their gratitude to Tommy Atkins for his kindness to



themselves and his tender regard for their children. It has been left to skunks and liars at home to traduce the honour and charity of our troops. Not the least offender in this respect is Mr. Stead, the editor of "The Review of Reviews." It has only happened once in a way that the lies of the Pro-Boer press have been challenged and answered in Parliament; but the latest instance may be fairly quoted as an example of the

In the House of Commons on Tuesday night Mr. Bartleby added:

"Whether any inquiry has been instituted into the charge recently made against me by St. Helens of having shot a Boer soldier dead whilst singing a hymn during the service of the Christian Endeavour Society, and whether any report has been received by him; if so, will he state the effect of it?"

Mr. Brodrick in reply said:

The reports from the officer commanding the troops at St. Helens show that there is no truth whatever in the statements made which appeared in "The Review of Reviews."

The Boer press allowed to be shot at St. Helens was endeavouring to claim over the wire fencing enclosing the prisoners' camp in the early morning before daylight. This assertion, like others persistently disseminated by this journal is untrue and mischievous.

The canting suggestion that the man

was singing a hymn during a religious service is worthy of the type of "Christian," to which certain of the "Little Englanders" belong, whose flagrant hypocrisies tend to empty chapels and churches and foster

We have had many letters from the front protesting against the circulation through the Cape mails of libels on the Army. The Boers, too, have received these missives, as well as reports in certain once reputable English journals, containing statements and opinions calculated to prolong the war. But for this kind of sedition literature, correspondents at the front say, there would have been a general submission months ago. We have reason to know that "The People" has a large circulation among the troops in South Africa, and, in answer to many of their inquiries, we want them to understand that the men who send out peccatious pamphlets and disloyal newspapers, represent but a mere handful as compared with the vast populations of Great Britain who are proud of the troops, grateful to them, and ready, if need were, to join their ranks in defence of the Empire.

A handful of busybodies, with money at their back, can make a seemingly great stir with paper and print. Truth, however, will prevail in the end, and it will be the Boers more than ourselves who will have cause to hate those renegade Englishmen who, having helped to bring about the war, have done their best to postpone the blessings of peace.

THE ACTOR.

The latest addition to our singing actresses is Miss Lily Huntington, who has a vocal solo in "A Royal Rival," and acquits herself very well in it. She also shows as the flippant "entertainer," some capacity for dancing. As for many players know, Miss Eva Moore sings a little song in the last act of "The Wilderwoman," and very prettily she does it, but then she comes of a musical family, for is not her sister Decima a prima donna comic opera, and is not her sister Bertha a well-known concert vocalist? Miss Julia Neilson, again, has a song to sing rightly in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury."

It is pleasant to know that on Monday Arthur Roberts will once more be established in a West End theatre. He is an extremely "mannered" actor, and sometimes is at once so verbose and so rapid in his verbiage as to come very near to boring at least some in his audience. He might, I think, be a little less in evidence than he usually is in the pieces he himself produces, but there can be no doubt that, when in the vein, and when not too voluble, he is genuinely droll. His gift for expressive comic pantomime is truly great, and I wish he utilised it more frequently. His mimicry of a woman "taking down" and "putting up" her hair is positively adépliting.

Fancy having Jo among us again! It seems an age since the little chirruped street Arab, so admirably portrayed by Miss Jennie Lee, was in our midst. There has been more than one Jo, but Miss Lee's is the only one which has remained in the memory of the public. It has been the artistic triumph of her life, so much so that she has scarcely been permitted to play anything else.

The tide apparently goes

few remember the days when she shone in burlesque of the old-fashioned sort—the days in which she enacted a young crossing-sweeper in "Little Faust," her success in which character very possibly suggested her subsequent appearance as Jo.

In a few days Mr. Brandon Thomas will once more be before us as a dramatic author, albeit only of an adaptation from the French. I wonder by how many people he is known to be the writer of "Charley's Aunt?" That play has had a long and wide-spread renown, but experienced tells me that the public, however much it may enjoy a play, is quite indifferent as to the authorship of it, and that the successful actor is much more celebrated or notorious than the writer who has given him, perhaps, the one great opportunity of his career. It must further be confessed that Mr. Thomas has not yet given us a second "Charley's Aunt."

Though it is long since Lady Bancroft trod the boards, her pen, at any rate, has not been idle. That it is a fluent and vivacious pen, her share in "Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft on and off the Stage," has made very clear. She has also composed, I believe, some very respectable verses. In writing for the stage, curiously enough, she has not been conspicuously successful. She produced in 1890 a piece called "A Riverside Story," and two years later, an adaptation, called "My Daughter"; but they did not exactly set the Thames on fire. She is now going to contribute a little one-act piece to the programme of a benefit matinée on June 8 and 4.

Mr. Forbes Dawson having announced a new play, to be entitled "The Blackmailers," "The Stage" has very properly reminded him that a piece so named was produced at a London theatre some afternoon in 1894. That piece, however, has never been reproduced, and its author, probably, will make no objection to Mr. Dawson's use of the title. If that active and popular playwright had called his drama "Blackmail," he would have been in still worse case, for that title has been utilised at least three times already, and on the last occasion so recently as 1896.

MR. WHEELER.

I am going to tempt Providence—I realise the risk—but I will take the chance. I have just skinned my knuckles tapping the glass which stands at set fair. It is as steady as a rock. Therefore let me congratulate ourselves on a glorious Whitstable holiday. The Portsmouth road is almost perfect, I am assured by a friend who came up to town this week. The Brighton road after Purley Corner is quite good going. The Northern roads, I was told but two days ago, were in splendid condition. The Bath road is good, but a trifle loose and dusty, but, of course, there will be dust everywhere this week.

When these lines are read my readers will be spread far abroad at every point of the compass. I hope their machines will run well and sweetly. Though the Whitstable holidays are short they fall at a time when wheelfolk are fit and, as a rule, when the clerk of the weather is in a favourable mood. The evenings, too, are long and the temperature not treacherous. At the time of penning these lines the sun is shining something strong for comfort, but your real tourist lies snugly in the shade of a wood during the heat of the day and gets his mileage covered in the cool of the early mornings and the long evenings.

These are days when medical journals and alarmists are apt to cry out against cycling—particularly for ladies. There are few riders who frequent the Ripley and the North roads who have not seen Mrs. Coles-Webb cycling either with her husband on a tandem or by herself on a single. There are not a few who have attempted to "hold on" to that graceful lady rider when she has been riding fast. Suffice it to say that this lady, who is quite one of the best known lady riders in the cycling world, fell a victim to typhoid fever. After haggling between life and death, Mrs. Coles-Webb has now recovered, inasmuch as she was riding as usual last week on the Ripley road. Her medical man is convinced that nothing but the increased muscularity of the heart, due to previous cycling, saved her in the hour of danger, which she has recently passed through. One hears so much of the supposed dangers to be derived from cycling that I gladly chronicle this fact.

One of the landmarks of Long Ditton is to disappear from that pretty Surrey village. Old Jack Keen, the man who ought to have made a fortune out of cycling, but didn't, is about to move to the North of London. The famous old pro-national rider is opening a cycle agency and repair depot in the Station-nd., Finchley. All cyclists who remember "the old boy" will no doubt stay by the wayside on their way northwards and wish him luck in his new venture. Jack Keen is one of the relics of the very old days of our pastime.

The Ripley road was very crowded—uncomfortably so—on Sunday last. At the White Lion at Cobham there were all the members of the Bath Road Club assembled together for the annual club photograph. I was most glad to see the late editor of "The Bath Road News," "Marry Ann" Trevor, looking quite recovered from his terrible accident. On Pain Hill I found W. Bramson, the old ordinary amateur champion, in difficulties with a large motor-car. There were cycling celebrities to be met at every corner of the road. The gatherings at Ditton and at Ripley were quite representative of the old days. The Tabot at Ripley has again changed hands, and the present management appear to be most anxious to supply a quiet and good luncheon to cyclists.

Tandems, and especially mixed crews, seem to be more popular this year than ever. I have seldom seen as many double machines as during the past fortnight on the Southern roads. On the other hand, triplets and quads which once were seen so frequently on a Sunday are seldom seen. The majority of mixed crews nowadays are of the type on which the lady rides on the back seat. In my days of tandem riding I was a strong advocate of lady-front tandems. The tide apparently goes

WILL WORKMAN.

Last week I wrote about the great decrease in the population of Ireland, and told how it had fallen of nearly one-half in the last 60 years; but since then the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, in a speech made at Dublin last Saturday evening, said that "the poverty that existed in the South of Ireland was caused by over population," and now the question arises: What is over-population? Suppose we take as an illustration the case of a manufacturing town—say, Northampton—with a population of 100,000 and not one too many, for all are fully employed and prosperous, no one could say that Northampton is over-populated.

But suppose, for some reason or other, half the shoe factories of Northampton were closed and the workpeople thrown out of employment, thousands of them would have to move away from the town; but we should not say in that case that there was too much population in Northampton. We should say there was too little work, and that is just what is the matter in Ireland.

Compare Ireland with Belgium, and we find that Belgium, on 11,000 square miles of land, supports 64 millions of people, or 548 to the square mile. Ireland, with over 32,000 square miles (nearly three times as big), can only support 44 millions, or about 140 to the square mile. But the industries of Belgium have been fostered by protection, while those of Ireland have been killed by Free Trade and that makes all the difference.

Talking about trade, I have just been reading the annual report of the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco, and I am glad to find that if (as some folks say) British trade is declining, certainly the records of that port do not show it. It shows that the value of exports from San Francisco to Great Britain have increased from nine million dollars in 1899 to over 13 million dollars in 1900; the total amount exported to other European countries only amounting to 400,000 dollars worth.

On the other hand, it is pleasing to find that British imports to San Francisco show a steady increase of nearly a million dollars since 1899. The shipping figures also look well, showing that out of a total of 400 vessels flying foreign flags which arrived at the port during 1900, 275 were British. The total tonnage is put down as 800,000 tons, of which nearly 600,000 tons were British.

The black-faced kangaroo, of which the King has recently deposited fine specimens in the Zoo, is a variety of the great gray kangaroo, the largest and best known of all this group of animals. The fur of the present form is of a dark brown colour, and differs from that of the grey kangaroo in

being black on the face, a character

which has led some naturalists to look upon it as a distinct species, and to give it the distinguishing name of the black-faced kangaroo. It is also smaller than the typical form, and not so stoutly built. East and South-east Australia is the home of this kangaroo, while the larger form is found over the whole of Australia, with the exception of the extreme north. The specimen in the Zoo is a very large one, and when standing erect measures close on six feet. It is nearly 3ft. in length

All I can say is that it is a great pity that bishop has not got something better to do with his time. They are never tired of telling us how wicked we all are, and how much worse we are getting. The working classes (so they say) drink more than ever, and bet more than ever, and are a very bad lot generally; but if this is true—which it is not—whose fault is it?

Who are the people supposed to keep us morally and spiritually straight? Why, the bishops, of course. It does

no great credit to the shepherds for them to be always telling how the sheep go astray.

BUCKLAND, JUNIOR.

Apropos of my remarks in our last issue of birds showing daring when acting together, I have received the following note from a correspondent of Shepherds Bush Green, W.:—"Some few years ago a friend and I were in a small sailing boat cruising about the bay between Charlestown and the headland known as Black Head, in Cornwall. Two young gulls were on the water, and, thoughlessly, I tried to catch one, the chase lasting some time, but just when I made sure of succeeding a peculiar cry was heard, and suddenly, when all before had been quiet, a great commotion arose.

The gulls, like a cloud came from the cliffs, and screaming, whirling, and snapping their wings, literally drove us from their neighbourhood. My friend, an experienced sailor, was so alarmed and afraid of the boat being turned over, that he hauled down the sail, and took to the oars. Forgetting all about the young birds, we were only too glad to get away in safety."

At a meeting of the Zoological Society on Tuesday last, an interesting specimen was exhibited in the shape of a hind foot of the Canadian beaver. This abnormality is said to be not uncommon in both the American and European beavers, and the suggestion for its use is that of a comb to cleanse its fur of dirt, ticks, and other parasites.

I am obliged to a correspondent of Northampton for the following note on an interesting instance of material instinct in the cat:—"A cat here had some kittens, all of which were destroyed except one, and this one and its mother slept in the same box as another cat which was in expectation of having a family. While a stack of hay near by was being removed, a nest of three young rabbits was found, and one of them was accidentally killed. This was brought home and thrown into the cats, but instead of eating it they began to fondle it. Upon seeing this the two live rabbits were put in the box, and both of the cats (the other had now got its family) took it in turns to fondle and suckle them.

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no great credit to the shepherds for them to be always telling how the sheep go astray.

The 27th annual dinner of the Anchor and Hope Angling Society, held at the Thomas & Becket, Old Kent-nd., over which "Old Isaac" presided last week, is stated to have been among the best yet held by the society. There was a record attendance, including many distinguished visitors, and the admirably served dinner, good music, and heavy prize list, left nothing to be desired. Mr. W. Nutgrave ably occupied the vice-chair, and Messrs. W. J. Wade and C. G. Cannon officiated as stewards. Mr. W. Broughton, Mr. G. W. Roberts, Mr. C. Arrow, Mr. H. Mallet, Mr. Ben Brown, Mr. W. Cartwright, and others, contributed to the evening's enjoyment, and the members were greatly pleased to have their host, Mr. Coles, Mr. T. J. Gregory, of Tamworth (judge), Mr. C. White, and Mr. Stanley, were all heartily thanked for their services in connection with it.

There was a godly gathering of the Bermonsey Brothers on the occasion of their annual supper, held at the Woolpack, Bermonsey-nd., on Tuesday last. Mr. Mackrill, of the United Brothers, Deptford, presided. A good musical programme followed, and a heavy prize list was announced.

The 28th annual dinner of the Anchor and Hope Angling Society, held at the Thomas & Becket, Old Kent-nd., over which "Old Isaac" presided last week, is stated to have been among the best yet held by the society. There was a record attendance, including many distinguished visitors, and the admirably served dinner, good music, and heavy prize list, left nothing to be desired. Mr. W. Nutgrave ably occupied the vice-chair, and Messrs. W. J. Wade and C. G. Cannon officiated as stewards. Mr. W. Broughton, Mr. G. W. Roberts, Mr. C. Arrow, Mr. H. Mallet, Mr. Ben Brown, Mr. W. Cartwright, and others, contributed to the evening's enjoyment, and the members were greatly pleased to have their host, Mr. Coles, Mr. T. J. Gregory, of Tamworth (judge), Mr. C. White, and Mr. Stanley, were all heartily thanked for their services in connection with it.

Not less interesting or successful was the 16th annual dinner of the New Albion Pictorialists, held at the Bridge House Hotel, under the presidency of Mr. J. Seats; Mr. H. Padbury occupying the vice-chair. Mr. W. F. Grimmett responded to the toast of the society, of which he was one of the founders, and the names of Mr. E. Collinson (St. Ives) and Mr. A. K. Matthews were coupled with other toasts. No less than 462lb. of excellent fish were weighed in during the past season (had as it was), and some specimens among them. An exceptionally good musical programme formed a feature of the evening.

I am glad to hear officially that the Thames Conservancy have considerably postponed the alterations intended to be made at Bell Pier for another month, so that the coarse fish-spawning may not be interfered with; a graceful act, for which all anglers will thank them. It is by no means the first time the board have rendered a service to the fraternity, and it is to be feared their help in many ways is not so widely known or appreciated as it deserves to be.

Several highly interesting letters of Richard Wagner have lately been published. In one he says, "Tristan and Isolde" is the most extravagant of my works." And in another, written shortly before his death, an ardent longing is expressed by the great composer that he may live long enough to see his young son, Siegfried, achieve fame.

Opera costume recitals will be given by favourite singers of the Carl Rosa Co. at various holiday towns throughout the summer months. The season begins at Ryde on Monday, the artists being Misses Burgess and Jessie Messrs. Brophy, Deane, March, Heyman, and Van Noorden. Songs and concerted numbers from the Sullivan operas are included in the repertory of the party.

The first of a series of Artists' Popular Concerts will be given at St. James's Hall on June 6, when a remarkably strong list of eminent public favourites are announced to appear, including Misses Evangeline Florence, Marion McKenzie, Johanna Heyman, Misses Maurice Parkes, Joseph O'Mara, Denis O'Sullivan, Arthur Royston, and R. C. Herd. A special feature at these concerts will be the Century Orchestra for wind and string, conducted by Joanna Davids.

Last Sunday the West Pier Co., at

bath and Mr. Penderell Price, who deservedly won success for nearly all their songs, Miss Milbank being specially successful in Julian Clifford's charming song, "Spring."

The committee of the Joachim Quartet Concerts have arranged with the celebrated violinist and his colleagues for a series of six concerts in the spring of 1902.

Dr. Richter has been conducting a local festival at Blackpool, a performance of the Brahms' "Requiem" being successfully performed. Dr. Richter will, after all, go to Bayreuth and conduct some of the representations, probably the first "Ring" cycle.

OLD IZAK.

Anglers have little reason to complain of the week's weather, although the nights and mornings have been colder than might be desired. The Thames is in capital condition for fishing, and some good trout have lately been taken. The best, a fine 5lb. live-baiting, was taken by Mr. G. Simbaldi, live-baiting with a dead fish at Molesey. Mr. D. Wilson, of Chertsey, has caught one of 5lb.; Mr. T. W. Gomm, of Chertsey, one of 6lb., and one of 6lb. was landed by Mr. H. G. Gomm, fishing with "Otter" of Staines, on Monday last. There is nothing noteworthy to report from the Lee.

Thanks to the Thames Angling Preservation Society, and the kindness of the authorities, the police are more than ever on the alert as to offences against the Fishery by-laws. One offender has already been caught, and a charge of netting small perch and other fish flowing into the river in the Sunbury district, will come before the local bench in consequence.

Just now, flat fish only are likely to reward the salt water angler, but the bass and mullet will soon be putting in an appearance, and some of the former may possibly even now be caught. The following will be the times of high water on the afternoon of Monday next at the places named:—Cromer, 3h. 1m.; Yarmouth, 3h. 30m.; Brighton and Deal, 6h. 30m.; Margate and Ramsgate, 7h. 15m.; Southend and Burnham, 7h. 30m. On Sunday the afternoon tide will be rather more than an hour earlier, and on Tuesday to the same extent later than the times named for Monday.

Mr. F. T. Coles, president of the Birmingham and District United Angling Association, last week presented the many prizes won by competitors in the recent show of stunted fresh water fish, held at Bingley Hall, and commented upon the benefits likely to accrue from similar exhibitions, urged the desirability of keeping up a good standard, by returning small fish to the water. The exhibition was a pronounced success, and Mr. Coles, Mr

THE STAGE.

COMEDY.

Let well alone as a proverb commands itself practically to theatrical managers with reference to any marked success made by them. The police, according to Mr. Forbes Robertson may be questioned in hand, dismaying the single scene of the dramatically powerful and wholly original little drama, "The Sacrament of Judas," with the weight of two preliminary acts, neither of which is introduced for the purpose of interpolating any fresh interest of incident or character germane to the story, but merely with the object of showing in slow and prolonged action what in the one act piece was tersely told in narrative; that is to say, how the hero became a priest and then secretly but conscientiously ignored, though without being able to abjure his sacerdotal vows. On the revival of the play elongated by its original translator, Mr. L. N. Parker, on Wednesday, the audience listened without any sign of dissatisfaction to the superadded acts, but it was evident that their enthusiasm was not fairly aroused, nor their emotions illusively stirred until the final act came, repeated exactly as it was played when the stirring story was contained within the limits of a single scene.

The applause and recalls at the fall of the curtain were in their heartiness in notable contrast to those given at the rather tame conclusion of each of the new acts.

The acting of the piece was perfect throughout. Mr. Forbes Robertson renewed his tragically impressive impersonation of the recanting priest, recalled to the duty of absolution which he dared not resist; and Miss Gertrude Elliott enacted with simple grace the character of the wronged Breton maiden. Mr. Frank Mills played the aristocratic wronger with distinction, and Mr. Ian Robertson repeated his clear-cut portrayal of the ruthless Republican captain. Mr. Hendrie completed the stage picture by his impersonation of the old fisherman. The play promised to renew its run purely upon the merit of its last act, and its admirable presentation.

ROYALTY.

A MORBID STORY OF IMMORALITY.

The gospel of pessimism upon which Mrs. Patrick Campbell so persistently trusts for her artistic popularity as actress and manager she once more propounded, and with unabated intensity, in "Mariana," a translation by Mr. J. A. Graham of the Spanish dramatist, Senor Echegaray's, modern tragedy, tested at the Court Theatre three years ago, and reproduced at the Dean-st. playhouse on Thursday evening.

The depravity of human nature is the keynote of this morbid drama in which sexual decadence prevails throughout, both as the motive for action and the standard of conduct.

The heroine, an heiress of high social position, loathes her father for going wrong with a mistress, but loves her mother none the less that she does the very same thing with a man, who, in turn, deserts her for someone else, leaving his victim and her child to starve.

Grown to girlhood and sold in marriage, Mariana's husband, no less vicious than her father, makes her a widow by getting killed in a duel arising out of his having in turn gone wrong with a ballet-girl. Avenging herself for these treacheries on all men she meets in society by fascinating them with her feline coquettishness like a cat with a mouse or a serpent with a rabbit, the malcontent Mariana is at last taken in her own tails by a passion kindled in her by one of her victims, Daniel Montoya, on whom, upon discovering him to be the son of her mother's paramour, she vindictively renews the past wrong by giving the hand pledged to him to a middle-aged widower, who in jealousy had struck his first wife dead at a blow. This fatal act the stern Don Pablo ruthlessly repeats upon his second wife. Dismissing this uncompromising lord in terms of heartless detestation to his lonely couch on their bridal night, Mariana, in a fit of passionate caprice, showing she was no dragon of virtue, receives her discarded lover through the open window, only, however, to tear herself in one of her sudden revulsions of feeling from his embrace, exclaiming, as she asks him to sleep with him, "No, you shall not do to me as your father did to my mother!" With that exclamation, in a voice of fierce frenzy, she calls back her husband, and passionately avowing her fidelity to him, falls dead upon the fire of his pistol. Without a word spoken the men withdraw from the room, and after a pause two shots are heard as the curtain descends.

The wilful, wayward character of Mariana, whose better nature, as she herself says—though it does not appear—is warped by her cruel experience, gives Mrs. Patrick Campbell one of those opportunities she apparently enjoys for study in moral anatomy, which, however, though powerfully expressed, is not only rendered painful by its pessimism, but tiresome by its monotony. Sympathy is impossible for such an acted nature as Mariana's, all the more so that the strain of callous heartlessness is never relieved or lightened by one touch of humour, however sardonic, either in the part or the actress. And without either humour or sentiment shown in feeling for others as well as suffering one's self, there can be no sustained dramatic interest. Mr. Titheradge gave a manly portrayal of the fascinated lover, but it was somewhat lacking in the fervour of Spanish amateur passion. Mr. Bertie Thomas was amusing as a quaint enthusiast in colour, and Mr. Santal, rye gave the requisite sternness and force of will to Don Pablo. Other parts were well rendered by Mr. Du Maurier and Miss Winifred Fraser. The play, beautifully staged and dressed, was received without either enthusiasm or applause.

MUSIC HALLS.

As usual at holiday time, those who control our music-halls put forward special Whiteweek programmes. Their variety is only equalised by their length, and with weather favourable to indoor entertainment, a conductor of them which the public generally prefers for these should be "bumping houses" during the present week. The variety entertainment grows every year in popularity, and the audiences at holiday time bear special testimony to the fact.

At the Royal, Holborn, we are promised the Dunedin troupe of Australian cyclists, the Abdullah troupe of Bedouin Arabs, Florrie Forde, Brown and Kelly Combination in "A Tip for the Oaks," Jenny Valmore, Marie Kendall, Harry Tate, in "No Beds," the Sisters Archer, Alice Leamor, the Missouri, Texarkansas, the champion wing buck dancer, and Willy and Loretto, the tramp and gay soubrette. At the Royal Aquarium amusements will proceed from breakfast time until midnight. A sensational feature of the show will be the dancing act that Miss Ciccone performs with the two bold strikers, African and Indian pythons, and other snakes. M. Henri Cozman introduces a novel feature in "Le Cafe Chauvin," as, by means of shadowgraphy, he enables the public to see him effect his quick changes. Ella Zula's daring high rope show, the Comical Bonnac Trio, Manselli Flossie and a Parian Marionette are a few of the items in a programme of nearly 100 "turns."

Strong was the Empire programme, it has been further augmented just in time for the holidays by the engagement of the incomparable Yvette Guilbert, who, if she returns to us with little of the willowy girlish figure most people will remember, her artistic power, her singing of the cordial little trench, "Ma Tasse," is a triumph for the art of the "disease." The Phantom Guards, Henri French, the conjurer, the famous Schaffer family, Charlotte Delmar, the trick cyclist, and that

I have a certain, and I hope, permanent place for this companion. Don't take anything off me until you have read the particulars of our arrangement, and I will send you a receipt of your name and address. A postcard will do for Mrs. Nevill's. Newington-cumseaway, Lancashire.

Mr. Molville will produce at Standard Theatre on Whit-Monday the

naval drama, "The Scales of Justice," A strong dramatic company has been engaged, which includes Mr. Julian Cross and Mr. Albert Ward.

Some little while ago we noted the first production of Mr. Frank Stephen's play, "The Despatch-Boat," on its first production at the Richmond Theatre. It has been paying a visit to the Crown (Peckham), where it has met with an entirely favourable reception. The perils of the despatch-boater, who carries important papers to China, the land of mystery and secret societies, lose nothing of their effect at the hands of the company, which includes, as before, Mr. York Stephen, Miss Helen Leyton, Miss Victoria Addison (who now plays the heroine), and Miss Palmer, who gives an excellent interpretation of the part of the fussy lady globe-trotter.

Judging by the enthusiastic reception accorded "The Orpheus" during the past week at the Grand (Islington), the Japanese musical play has lost nothing of its power to please. Mr. Jones' tuneful music, Owen Hall's amusing book, and Harry Greenbank's admirably turned lyrics wear wonderfully well, and with so delightful a Mimosa, Sae as Miss Beatrice Edwards, so amusing a Chinaman as Mr. Kennedy Allen, and with Mr. A. Sandes, Miss C. McGill, and Mr. Augustus Cramer in some other of the principal roles, an adequate interpretation was a foregone conclusion.

For the week commencing June 10, and matines Wednesday, June 12, Miss Kate Rorke and Co. will be seen at the Grand (Fulham) in "A Fool's Paradise"; and on June 17, Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Co. will pay a six-night visit to the theatre, when will be played the following:—"Captain Swift," "The Ballad-Monger," "The Red Lamp," and "The Beach of Voices." Matines will be given on Wednesday, June 19.

Other features are:—*Surrey*, "A Bad Character"; Grand, Islington, "Hearts are Trumps"; Britannia, "Hoodman Blinde"; Grand, Fulham, Miss Jeanie Lee and Co. in "Jo"; Elephant and Castle, "The Colleen Bawn"; Pavilion, Mill End, "The Bells of Haslemere"; Borough, Stratford, "The Heels of New York"; Royal, Stratford, "Humanity" and "Sibiri"; Dalston, Charles Warner in "Drunk"; Coronet, "The Price of Peace"; Brion, "For Auld Lang Syne"; Camden, Mr. Lewis Waller in "A Royal Rival"; Terminus, Rotherhithe, "The Leader of Life"; Shakespeare, Clapham, "Our Boys"; Grand, Woolwich, "The Grip of Iron"; Royal, Duchess, Balham, "The Christian"; Metropole, Camberwell Green, "Friend"; Royal West London, "Death or Glory Boys"; Lyric, Hammersmith, "The Bank of England"; Crown, Peckham, "The Favourite."

THE CORNETT.

To all who delight in plays of the swashbuckler type, where the gentleman, with ready sword and generous nature, carries all before him, and brings down the curtain amid personal felicitations and the ringing bells of victory, we commend "A Royal Rival," as written by Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, and played by Mr. Lewis Waller. The popular actor, who gave us such a fascinating D'Artagnan, presents us with Don Cesar de Basan, who at once wins our sympathy, holds our attention, and, in the end, evokes something akin to affection for his frank and fearless doings. Mr. Du Maurier has not travelled far from the beaten track of the operatic version, and we see "Mariana" in a sketch entitled "Paying the Bill," and "Don Lano, who is always bright and engaging, is at the London Pavilion, and T. E. Duvall, Marie Loftus, the Polunks, Jessie Bonehill, and Paul Martinetti and Co. can be seen at the Oxford.

The ladies bicycle races will commence Monday week at the Royal Aquarium, in which French and English ladies will take part.

THE PALACE.

Whatever may have been true in times past, no man's significant indication of the fact that a maid may take her mother to a music-hall without fear of shock or her feelings is possible, than that the most popular performance just now at the Palace Theatre is that given by Mr. George Grossmith, Savoy comedian and society clown (he himself has said it), has not come to the music-hall; the King of Spain is outwitted and Don Cesar drives forth the love of the Manita who has married in his prison cell when he believed himself to be within a few minutes of execution. At the outset we see the ruined Don arrested for duelling, which has been made a capital offence; next there is the marriage, brought about in order that the fortune-teller and street singer may be at every turn of the story of "A Royal Rival." 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63,

THE PEOPLE, SUNDAY, MAY 26, 1901.

ROYAL OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.
TO-MORROW (Monday) at 8 P.M.—TOSCA.
1. 5/-, 2/-, 1/-, 6/-, 10/-.
TARANTO, Saturday, May 25, at 8 P.M.—
TARANTO, 1/-, 2/-, 3/-, 4/-, 5/-.
SUGARLOAF, Saturday, at 7.30. TRISTAN UND
ISOLDE—Box-office open 10 to 10.

LYCEUM.

PROGRAMME FOR THE WEEK.
MONDAY, MAY 21, 8.30 P.M.—
TWO HORSES, A. E. LEVY, and TERRI-
TORY, and others. Tickets at 8.50. MATINEE
TUESDAY, at 2.30. LILLIE THOMAS
WATERLOO AND THE BELLS, Next Wednesday,
May 22, at 8 P.M.—LILLIE THOMAS
BRIGHTON (Mr. C. W. MacKay), 10 to 10.

STRAND THEATRE.

MONDAY, MAY 21, 8 P.M.—Preston Curzon.

MATINÉE. ARTHUR BOBBINS
is a Member of the British and
THEATRE.

Princess' COMPANY, King Florence
MAY 21, 8 P.M.—Mr. Eric Blom, and
Miss Jessie, Mrs. Eric Blom.

MATINÉE. Every Wednesday at 8.30.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, Matines Every Wednesday
at 8 P.M.—C. H. MATTHEWS, Mr. J. H.
Lough, Miss Proctor, Mr. Edgar Bruce.

DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, Matines Every Wednesday
at 8 P.M.—C. H. MATTHEWS, Mr. J. H.
Lough, Miss Proctor, Mr. Edgar Bruce.

EVERY EVENING. JULIA NELSON'S ALASKA,
Sweet Hill of Old Drury.

EVERY EVENING. (except Saturday), at 8.30.
SPECIAL SATURDAY, at 8.30.

See MUSIC FROM THE TEMPLE (Underground) Station.

COT. QUEEN'S ST. THEATRE.

Proprietors, Mr. W. S. Peary.

SATURDAY NIGHT, June 1st, and Every Evening,
at 8 P.M.—C. H. MATTHEWS, Mr. J. H.
Lough, Miss Proctor, Mr. Edgar Bruce.

GAUTY THEATRE.

EVERY EVENING, at 8 P.M.—C. H. MATTHEWS, Mr. J. H.
Lough, Miss Proctor, Mr. Edgar Bruce.

LYRIC THEATRE.

EVERY EVENING, at 8 P.M.—C. H. MATTHEWS, Mr. J. H.
Lough, Miss Proctor, Mr. Edgar Bruce.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

EVERY EVENING, at 8.30—Mr. E. C. Carter's
COURTS WITHIN THE HEAVEN.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Miss Alice Weston, Miss
Dorothy, Miss Jessie, Miss Mary Moore.

Princess' COMPANY, King Florence
MAY 21, 8 P.M.—Miss Jessie, Mrs. Eric Blom.

COLLINS'S. Every Saturday at 8.30.

THEATRE METROPOLITAN.

EVERY EVENING, at 8 P.M.—C. H. MATTHEWS,
Mr. J. H. Lough, Miss Proctor, Mr. Edgar Bruce.

ROYAL WEST LONDON THEATRE.

EVERY EVENING, at 8 P.M.—C. H. MATTHEWS,
Mr. J. H. Lough, Miss Proctor, Mr. Edgar Bruce.

AVENUE THEATRE.

EVERY EVENING, at 8 P.M.—C. H. MATTHEWS,
Mr. J. H. Lough, Miss Proctor, Mr. Edgar Bruce.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

EVERY EVENING, at 8 P.M.—C. H. MATTHEWS,
Mr. J. H. Lough, Miss Proctor, Mr. Edgar Bruce.

IMPERIAL THEATRE.

EVERY EVENING, at 8 P.M.—C. H. MATTHEWS,
Mr. J. H. Lough, Miss Proctor, Mr. Edgar Bruce.

THEATRE OF VARIETIES.

EVERY EVENING, at 8 P.M.—C. H. MATTHEWS,
Mr. J. H. Lough, Miss Proctor, Mr. Edgar Bruce.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.

EVERY EVENING, at 8 P.M.—C. H. MATTHEWS,
Mr. J. H. Lough, Miss Proctor, Mr. Edgar Bruce.

ELEPHANT AND CASTLE THEATRE.

WHEN MONDAY, at 8.30, and Nightly at 8.30,
TUESDAY, at 8.30, and Nightly at 8.30, and
Wednesday, at 8.30, and Nightly at 8.30.

THEATRE ROYAL, STRATFORD.

MONDAY, May 27th, for 8 P.M., and Matinees
WHEN MONDAY, at 2, and 8.30, and
TUESDAY, at 8.30.

BURRY THEATRE.

NIGHTLY, at 7.45.

STANDARDS THEATRE, E.C.

THE HOLIDAY, at 2, and Nightly at 7.45, Green
Phone, 1000. Royal Drama. THE STARS OF JUSTICE.

ROYAL GRAND THEATRE.

TUESDAY, at 8 P.M., for Six Nights (Matines at
8.30, and First Night at 7.45, and First
Sunday at 8.30).

GRAND THEATRE, Islington.

MONDAY, May 27th, for 8 P.M., and Matinees
WHEN MONDAY, at 2, and 8.30, and
TUESDAY, at 8.30.

GRANVILLE THEATRE, W.

EVERY NIGHT, at 8 P.M.—C. H. MATTHEWS,
Mr. J. H. Lough, Miss Proctor, Mr. Edgar Bruce.

GRANVILLE THEATRE, CAMBERWELL.

EVERY NIGHT, at 8 P.M.—C. H. MATTHEWS,
Mr. J. H. Lough, Miss Proctor, Mr. Edgar Bruce.

GRANVILLE THEATRE, NEWCASTLE.

EVERY NIGHT, at 8 P.M.—C. H. MATTHEWS,
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GRANVILLE THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM.

EVERY NIGHT, at 8 P.M.—C. H. MATTHEWS,
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GRANVILLE THEATRE, SHEFFIELD.

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EVERY NIGHT, at 8 P.M.—C. H. MATTHEWS,
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Mr. J. H. Lough, Miss Proctor, Mr. Edgar Bruce.

GRANVILLE THEAT

THE WAR. ARMoured TRAIN DERAILED.

AN OFFICER KILLED.

From Lord Kitchener to the War Office:—

Pretoria, May 18.—An armoured train was derailed by mine south of America Siding. I regret to say that Maj. Heath, 3rd Battalion South Lancashire Regt., was killed.

(America Siding, mentioned in Lord Kitchener's despatch, is on the main line a few miles north of Kroonstad.)

MAJOR E. K. HEATH.

Maj. Ed. Kermonde Heath, 3rd South Lancashire Regt., who is reported killed by the derailing of the armoured train, was made a lieutenant in 1882, obtained his captaincy in 1887, and was appointed to the Reserve of Officers in 1888. He was an honorary major of the 3rd South Lancashire Regt. Decreed officer had passed the School of Instruction, and was qualified for appointment as Instructor of Musketry.

ANOTHER LAAGER SURPRISED.

HEAVY LOSS IN THE ENEMY.

Bloemfontein, May 23.—It is reported that the Highland L.I. have surprised a Boer laager in the Brandfort district. They routed the enemy, who lost 12 killed, 18 wounded, and 12 captured.—Bunter.

BOERS DRIVEN OFF.

Middelburg, May 22.—Col. Crabb yesterday engaged Lotter and Lateen's commandos on the western side of the Zuurberg. The Boers were driven off, demoralised. They admitted having had nine men wounded.—Kreuter.

TRANSVAAL OPERATIONS.

THE CAPTURE OF COMMANDANT SWARTZ.

A CLEVER AMBUSH.

Standerton, May 24.—The capture of Commandant Swartz near Robertson's Farm was one of the smartest incidents of the campaign in the Eastern Transvaal. While Col. Stewart's column was moving eastward to rejoin Gen. Sir Bindon Blood, it had to fight a continuous rearguard action with Christian Botha's commando, upon which the British guns were employed every day. When Robertson's Farm was occupied, Col. Stewart sent a squadron of Johannesburg Mounted Rifles, under Lieut. Baker, to occupy an adjoining hill. Lieut. Baker saw parties of Boers riding up the other side, for the purpose of sniping the British camp.—SUSPENDED AND CAPTURED.

The British officer made a hasty but clever disposition of his men, with the result that three parties of Boers were completely surprised and captured in succession. Each party of the enemy was totally unaware of the presence of the British, and when summoned surrendered without a shot being fired. TRAPPED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Commandant Swartz and his nephews were among the prisoners. Swartz confessed that although he had been fighting for 18 months continuously, he had never been trapped before. The other prisoners were very dejected. They declare that Swartz will be a great loss to the commandos, as he was the best and ablest general left in the field. Gen. Blood has recommended clearing the country of families, stock, and supplies. He has six columns co-operating under his command.—Central News.

FIGHTING REPORTED NEAR BARBERTON.

It would appear from accounts sent by the Lorenzo Marques correspondent of "The Daily Mail" that the districts along the Delagoa Bay line have been much disturbed during the past week, and considerable fighting has taken place. A big fight, says the correspondent, occurred last Thursday outside Barberton. It is reported that there were 60 British casualties, but the Boers suffered continually, and were defeated. Continued fighting has also taken place in the Ermelo and Carolina districts. The railway line is being destroyed, and trains fired upon. The Boers wrecked a mixed train between Alkmaar and Elandsbaai a few days ago, the driver and stoker and a number of invalid soldiers being killed.

ONE OF FIVE.

Pte. Dunking, No. 1913, 4th Suffolk Regt., who died of enteric fever at Wonderfontein on April 27, belonged to the soldier family which has given five sons to the Army of whom two are still at the front. Mr. and Mrs. Dunking received the sad news of the death of their son with sympathy and regret from Lord Roberts.

FORCES IN S. AFRICA.

A Parliamentary paper shows the strength of the Imperial forces in S. Africa on May 1 to have been 249,416 officers and men, made up as follows:—Regulars, 136,000; Colonials, 55,821; Imperial Yeomanry, 23,104; Volunteers, 9,385; and Militia, 20,104. The total number of officers is returned at 8,605, and non-commissioned officers and men 133,819. Those in the latter category are divided as follows:—Cavalry, 14,000; Artillery, 11,500; Infantry and Mounted Infantry, 95,700; and others, 13,619.

PRETORIUS DEAD.

Johannesburg, May 22.—Ex-President Pretorius died at Potchefstroom on May 19, after two days' illness, at the age of 83. His remains were followed to the grave by over 1,000 townsmen and refugees. When Prince Alexander of Teck was at Potchefstroom President Pretorius called upon the Prince, and promised that he would work for peace. He had no sympathy with the late administration of the Transvaal. Marthinus Wessels Pretorius was the son of Commandant-generals Andries Pretorius, and his life is almost identified with the early history of the South African Republic. It was in 1833 that the Transvaal territory first took the name of the South African Republic; and in July, 1855, Pretorius, then commandant-gen., was elected first President. The village of Pretoria was also laid out about the same time and called after him.

THE COST OF THE WARS.

A Parliamentary paper was issued this week giving a return of the estimated costs of the wars in South Africa and China, showing how the expenditure is to be met. The return

was ordered to be printed on May 2. The supply grants for South Africa in 1896-1900 amounted to £23,000,000, in 1900-1 to £23,737,000, and the estimate for 1901-2 is £26,070,000, making a total on this account of £26,807,000. For China the supply grants in 1900-1 came to £23,500,000, and with a sum of £2,160,000, the estimate for 1901-2, the total stands that head is £25,660,000. To this total and that for South Africa have to be added £4,850,000 charge on consolidated fund in respect of interest, etc., on war debt, including the estimate for 1901-2 of £1,250,000, and this makes a sum total of £26,817,000. The amount provided, or to be provided out of revenue, is put at £6,271,000, and that provided, or to be provided, by loan is £10,046,000.

LIST OF CASUALTIES.

DEATHS FROM DISEASE & WOUNDS.

The following deaths due to disease where otherwise stated, are recorded:—

2nd Royal Fusiliers: Pte. James Paton,

fever and dysentery, Nevesfontein, April 24.

14th Hussars: 4832 Pte. F. H. Cheshire, fever and dysentery, Nevesfontein, April 24.

1st Royal Dragoon Guards: Pte. G. J. Fletcher, fever and dysentery, Standerton, May 18.

Royal Horse Guards: Pte. R. W. Jackson, fever and dysentery, Nevesfontein, April 24.

2nd Royal Fusiliers: Pte. J. C. Lewis, fever and dysentery, Nevesfontein, April 24.

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"THE PEOPLE" MIXTURE.

In London 2,662 births and 1,375 deaths were registered last week. The births were 63 above, and the deaths 205 below the average. The annual death-rate per 1,000 from all causes fell last week to 15.3.

The 1,375 deaths included 32 from measles, 14 from scarlet fever, 14 from diphtheria, and 48 from whooping-cough.

Different forms of violence caused 72 deaths, concerning all but 2 of which inquests were held.

Of these 72 deaths, 13 were cases of suicide, and 1 of homicide, while the remaining 58 were attributed to accident or negligence.

Eleven of these were referred to vehicles in the streets, six to drowning, and 11 (including 10 infants under one year of age) to suffocation in bed.

In Greater London 2,785 births and 1,353 deaths were registered, corresponding to annual rates of 22.9 and 15.3 per 1,000 of the estimated population.

The deaths registered last week in 53 great towns of England and Wales corresponded to an annual rate of 16.8 per 1,000 of their aggregate populations, which is estimated at 11,681,127 persons in the middle of this year.

There are 13,633 Metropolitan Police and 1,022 City Police.

The price of paper has fallen from 60c to 23c a ton in the last 25 years. London imports 4,000,000 parcels and umbrellas a year.

France has the most expensive Parliament. It costs £200,000 a year. W. 220,210 English people live in India, against 11,076,315 in the country.

The fastest boat plying between England and India makes only 144 miles on the whole passage.

England and Wales have 14,708 miles of railway; Scotland, 3,391 miles; and Ireland has 3,178 miles.

12,000 million copies of newspapers, the world's total output, consume 1,700 million pounds of paper.

Jamaica is rather more than half as big as Wales and has a population about equal to that of Liverpool.

British land is valued at 1,691 millions; whilst house property is put a good deal higher, at 1,927 millions.

Fifty Italian towns have over 30,000 people apiece. Naples, a little smaller than Birmingham, is the largest.

There are 232,321 women employed in English cotton factories; only 157,245 men.

Two hundred and ten tons of honey, worth £12,000, are the yearly produce of Ireland.

The total savings of the British nation are 322 millions sterling—just about half the amount of the National Debt.

334,000 vessels of a combined tonnage of 36 millions of tons enter British ports in the course of a year, and 238,000 clear.

All British newspapers combined had a circulation of 60,000 in 1891. Their present circulation is estimated at \$1 millions a day.

France eats bread to the value of 77 millions a year. Great Britain contents herself with 48 millions. Russia's wheat bill is 97 millions.

Ceylon pays £90,500 a year towards British military expenditure; Mauritius, £70,500; Hong Kong, £46,000; Malta, 23,000; Natal, 26,000.

The average wholesale price per cwt. of butter and tea is almost the same, and has been so since 1881. It runs from 10s. to 11s. the cwt.

Islington is the most thickly populated parish in England, having 12,000 persons to the acre. Bolton comes next.

The largest needle manufacture in the world is Redditch, Worcestershire. Over 70,000,000 needles are made there weekly.

At London inquest the other day a woman stated that she got a living by sewing steel into corsets at 3d. a gross! She could do two gross a day.

The Admiralty consists of the First Lord of the Admiralty and five other members. The Board of Admiralty have managed the Navy for over two centuries.

A barrel of ale in England is 36 gallons; a barrel of American apples contains 150 lbs.; there are 200 lb. in a barrel of flour; and a barrel of Norwegian fish holds 1,000 fish.

Preluding at the annual meeting of the S.P.C.K., held in London, the Archbishop of Canterbury pointed out that the organisation circulated the Scriptures in 104 languages.

Russia produces 240 million pounds of wool a year, the record for Europe; England comes next, with 160 millions; then France, with 128 millions. Austria produces 420 millions, and the United States 320 millions.

The Municipal Council of Paris has hit upon a capital idea for encouraging citizens to beautify the city. They give an annual prize to the architect and the builder of the most beautiful building erected during the year, and allow the master to deduct 50 per cent. when he pays his taxe.

Some of the costly things in the Sultan's treasure-house at Constantinople are children's cradles of pure gold, inlaid with precious stones; diavans covered with cloth of gold, embroidered with pearls; suits of mail, thickly incrusted with big emeralds and diamonds, and other relics of former Ottoman splendour.

There is a very pretty practice which the Fishmongers' Company have at their court dinners. The ladies being absent from the feast, each guest on his departure is offered the acceptance of a handsome casket of choice sweets to take home to his wife and family. The outside box serves for a work-box, and is for years a pleasant memento of the occasion.

Dr. Leopold Krieger, a fashionable Viennese dentist, sued his assistant for £130, for luncheons and dinners eaten while he was the fiance of the doctor's daughter! As the engagement has been broken off, Dr. Krieger maintained that the food was obtained under false pretences. The case has been decided against Dr. Krieger, who also has to pay the costs, amounting to £120.

The death of a Cheshire verger, Mr. Jno. Tomlinson, one of the oldest residents of Winsford, was unexpected by all save the old man himself. Mr. Tomlinson actually visited his friends, bade them good-bye, and attended the church on Sunday, stating that he should never go again before they carried him there. On the morning of his death he walked downstairs, shook hands with the members of his family, and said farewell, then again mounted the stairs and died within a few minutes on the landing.

English railways cost on an average \$12,700 a mile.

Of 3,767 ships calling at Malta last year, 3,225 were British.

About 1,500,000 ocean tickets are held by travellers on English railways.

Five thousand, four hundred and nineteen people in the British Isles own estates of over 500 acres.

Nine hundred and sixty thousand servants leave Europe yearly: 200,000 return from abroad.

France has 4 million acres of vineyards; Italy 7½ millions; Spain, four millions.

Holland has 10,100 windmills, each of which drains on an average 310 acres of land.

The average weight of a cubic foot of salt water is 64lb.; of a cubic foot of fresh, 62½lb.

Switzerland holds the European hospital record, with six beds per 1,000 of her population.

A tailor makes but 15s. a week in Germany; he earns 25s. in England, and 30s. in New York.

An oak tree fell on the Hall Farm, Tiverton, Norfolk, measured seven feet through the base.

The value of wine grown in Europe is 180 millions sterling; of the product of all the rest of the world, nine millions only.

One hundred and eighty-six million pounds of British savings are invested in savings banks, of which the Post Office takes care of £120,500,000.

The share of each person in these islands of British trade is £11 19s. 2d. of imports, and 43 2s. of exports per year.

In 1879 only four British boroughs paid over a shilling in the pound in education rates. To-day more than 40 do so.

Germany takes nearly 30 millions a year of British exports—more than any other European nation. France takes 22 millions.

The Falkland Islands have hardly any trees, and are entirely devoted to sheep. Their total area is a little less than that of Wales.

The total loss to creditors due to bankrupts in England and Wales was under £4 millions last year, against over 13 millions in 1879.

Germany now has three cities of over a million inhabitants. New York has 3,477,000; Chicago, 1,638,000; and Philadelphia, 1,293,000.

The speed of the Deutschland, the fastest liner in the world, is 23.36 knots an hour, that of her nearest English competitor, the Lusitania, 21.81 knots.

The Carlsbad season has commenced, and promises to be highly successful.

On May 16, 1,000 visitors arrived, nearly half of whom came from Berlin by express trains.

MEMORIAL TO A CRICKETER.

Almost every north-country cricketer of note assembled at St. Mark's Church, Low Moor, to honour the memory of the late Mr. F. W. Milligan. The memorial tablet to the famous Yorkshire batsman and fast bowler was appropriately unveiled by his old captain, Lord Hawke, and in a subsequent address the vicar of his parish eulogised the deceased cricketer as a typical exponent of Christian manliness. It will be remembered that Mr. Milligan was killed in one of Col. Plumer's unsuccessful attempts to relieve Maefeking.

POWERS OF THE EXPLOSION.

Everybody will be glad to hear that the rumour of Sir John Rigby's retirement from the Bench is premature, for it would be appreciably poorer by the loss of one who, besides being a great lawyer, is famous for his strong common sense, a quality which is not more common in the law than in any other court.

Sir John sat in the House for less than 10 years, but no man was ever more popular within its walls. As an orator he did not shine, but his power for taking the House into his confidence without any reserve, covered more deficiencies than his enemies, if he has any, could suggest that he possessed.

EXPENSIVE ROYAL YACHT.

The expenditure on the new Royal yacht, says the Committee of Public Accounts, whose report was issued this week, has exceeded the estimate of £216,684 during the past year by £37,222.

As this excess was said to be mainly due to inexpérience in building ships of this kind, the committee are of opinion that work of this character should not in future be undertaken in His Majesty's dockyards. In the Navy appropriation account the principal feature was the very large under-expenditure on contract work, amounting to £1,489,720, or about 23 per cent. of the estimate. This was due to postponement in the placing of orders and to the delay of contractors owing to the difficulty of obtaining men and materials.

AND A GOOD JUDGE TOO.

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In Westminster County Court application to adjourn a judgment summons was made, the debt being for a hair-dressing account.—**His Honour:** Ladies who go to a shop in Bond-st. to be made beautiful must pay for it. —The summons was adjourned.

The Canadian newspapers express a growing sentiment in that Colony for a separate tariff union between the Colonies, not necessarily to include Great Britain; thereby forcing upon the attention of the Mother-country the mutual advantage of closer trade relations.

A serious famine has broken out in the district of Kuttenberg, in Bohemia. The inhabitants are reduced to eating horses, dogs, and other un-savoury animals. The appearance of man-eating typhus has rendered the situation still more terrible. The Government is taking steps to relieve the distress.

A well-known Maltese gentleman, who is in the habit of leaving his walking-stick in charge of his retriever, recently forgot the dog during a walk abroad. He returned to the spot after some 19 hours next morning and found the faithful retriever still guarding the stick, and none the worse for his long vigil.

The English s.s. Crown Point, of the Norfolk and North American Line, encountered the Hamburg barque Planet on May 14 totally disabled owing to the sickness of the whole of the crew. The captain of the Crown Point put two officers on board, who brought the Planet safely into harbour.

The latest parrot story possesses distinct elements of novelty. It was told in Liverpool Police Court, when Arthur Thomas, aged 17, was charged with breaking and entering Mac-Symon's Stores, by way of the chimney, with intent to commit a felony.

His excuse was that he had descended the chimney in search of a parrot!

In the recent Austrian census the Emperor Francis Joseph filled in the form in his own hand, and answered every point with great care, including the number of windows which his residence contains, and mentioning the fact that he can both read and write. It is noteworthy that no electric light, gas, or lamps are used in the imperial palace but only candles.

Mrs. Neve, of 84, Peter Port, Guernsey, who was born in the year in which Louis XVI. of France was guillotined, and Napoleon Bonaparte left Corsica, completed her 109th year last week. She was born in the house in which she now lives. Mrs. Hanbury, who lives with her son, Mr. Hanbury, at Richmond, is one year younger than Mrs. Neve.

A judge in a padded room is the sort of sight that would make a criminal's heart rejoice. According to "The Globe," a distinguished occupant of the Bench has just had such a place fitted up for himself, to restrain, however, not his own violence, but that of his golf-ball, for there he practices driving, and finds that the ball falls dead. The question that is much asked in legal circles at the moment is: If he misses the ball, what sentence does he pronounce?

THE CONFESSION OF MURDER.

At Stratford, yesterday, Emily Barnett, Burgess-rd., East Ham, was charged, on remand, with murdering her husband, J. Barnett, under circumstances reported on another page.

Further evidence was given, and accused, in answer to the charge, remarked that she had nothing to say, but asked to see Mr. Adams, her husband's brother-in-law, and to have the money at the police station, which belonged to her. Both requests were granted.—**Prisoner:** Who did not appear to be much concerned as to the gravity of her position, was committed

It is suggested that a public clock should be placed in a central position in Shieldsfield.

The Canadian Parliament has voted an increase in the sessional indemnity to Senators and members from £1,000 to £1,500 each.

It is stated that out of more than 374,000 cases of cruelty dealt with by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children at least 50 per cent. were directly due to the influence of intoxicating drink.

A Windsor correspondent says that Queen Victoria left a million and a half in her will to be divided equally between Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the Duke of Connaught. Their Royal Highnesses, however, are only to receive the interest, the principal going to the late Queen's grandchildren. Her Majesty's personal belongings were also willed to her daughters named above.

UPHOLDING THE EMPIRE.

Mr. H. J. Pettifer (of the Priory), speaking on the war in the Saffron Walden Division this week, said:—"Some of us have to fight, and some of us have to pay. My son is out at the front with Gen. H. Force. He is holding his end up out here, I am holding mine up here. I am at the fighting end, I am at the paying end. If our soldiers in Africa are ready and willing to do their share in upholding the Empire, we at home ought to be ready and willing to do our share."

WHY NOT REVIVE IT.

Amongst pastimes once common in English country districts at Whitstable was the Whistling Match. The man who won the prize really earned it. It was a keen contest, in which as many as cared to do so might take part. The reward went to the man who not only whistled most clearly, but also went through the air from beginning to end without the smallest hitch, whilst a "comic clown" stood at the front of him and tried to put him off his tune by doing all manner of funny tricks.

VANISHING LONDON.

It is stated that the proprietors of the British and Colonial Standard have sold their 100,000 shares in the Bank of England to the Bank of Scotland.

It is also reported that the Standard

MINERS ENTOMBED

TERRIBLE COLLERY DISASTER IN WALES.

HEARTRENDING SCENES

GALLANT ATTEMPTS AT RESCUE.

A terrible colliery disaster involving, it is feared, the loss of upwards of 70 lives, occurred on Friday morning at the Universal Steam Coal Colliery, Sebenhydd, which is about four miles east of Caerphilly and seven miles from Cardiff. The colliery belongs to a limited liability company, of which Sir A. T. Lewis and Sir T. Morel are directors. Mr. W. J. Head being managing director. It is a steam coal colliery, and has only been in operation about five years. About half-past five o'clock on Friday morning the night shift, comprising several hundred men, began to ascend, and shortly after five o'clock all had come up with the exception of 73 men, who formed the night shift.

Five day firemen had gone down the pit, making the total number of men in the pit when the disaster occurred 78. About 10 minutes past five,

AN ALARMING EXPLOSION.

It is stated that an explosion had occurred, attempted to descend the shaft, and had failed to reach the bottom. An hour and a half later Mr. Jones, manager of the Albion Colliery, Mr. S. Gregory, Llanbedr-dock, Mr. Llewellyn, under manager, and Mr. T. E. Morgan, of the Universal Co., succeeded in reaching the bottom. They proceeded a distance of about 30 yards, and found that fearful havoc had been caused by the explosion, and that the place was a complete wreck.

After-damp compelled a retreat. In the meantime hundreds of workmen had gathered around the top of the pit, and further

RESCUE ATTEMPTS AT OSWESTRY.

Polling to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Stanley Lightfoot (U.), took place on Friday. The result was declared yesterday as follows:

Hon. G. Ormsby-Gore (U.) 4,518
Mr. Allan Bright (R.) 3,430

Unionist majority 1,088
No change.—1900.—No contest.

THE KING AND THE GUARDS.

PRESENTATION OF COLOURS.

The Horse Guards Parade ground has been the scene of many a brilliant spectacle, but never of one more resplendent than that of Friday morning, when the King presented colours to the 3rd Scots Guards, and afterwards witnessed the traditional English pageant—the trooping of the colour. Of the troops to take active part in the brilliant scene, the Scots Guards four companies strong, were the first to arrive; but scarcely had they taken their position on what was to be the right of the line before the Irish Guards swung upon the ground their blue-green plumes (St. Patrick's b'is), adding an unfamiliar touch of colour to this year's spectacle. Next came the Grenadiers, brought in by their drums, their famous band entering the ground from Whitehall, whereas the two companies entered from the Mall. Then the Coldstreamers arrived, and lastly, a troop each of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, headed by their band. By the time these had taken position, the parade ground was a mass of dazzling colour, a veritable field of the colours of the earth.

Against the Treasury side massed bands, to the right the Life Guards, their cuirasses splintering the brilliant sunshine, along the Park the solid ranks of the Foot Guards, and round the whole the sturdy row of sentries, and all the time the sun shining brilliantly. It only remained for the King to arrive with his cortége and the foreign military Attachés to complete the picture. A few minutes before 11 o'clock a cheer from the crowd in Whitehall announced the arrival of the Queen, and soon her charming face was seen smiling upon the multitude from a window of the Horse Guards. Promptly on the stroke of eleven a great roar of cheering broke from the packed people in the Mall, and mounted upon a splendid charger,

THE KING STEPPED UPON THE PARADE and slowly made his way, following the line of sentries, to a position immediately in front of the Horse Guards entrance, where, having paused, he was greeted with the Royal salute from the bands massed to his right. Behind him came Sir F. Stephenson (Coldstream Guards), the Duke of Connaught (Scots Guards), Earl Roberts (Life Guards), and these were followed by many Guards officers and the foreign military Attachés. The Royal salute finished, his Majesty carefully inspected the line, during which the band played "Im Lenz" and "Freiwillige Vor!" Inspection finished, the time had arrived for the principal feature of the gorgeous spectacle,

THE PRESENTATION OF THE COLOURS, to the last-formed battalion of Scots Guards. Before the massed bands the drums of the Scots Guards had been piled, the bass drum forming the apex of the pyramid, and leaning against these were the colours, as yet unfolded to the gaze of the men. The King and cortége now grouped at the saluting point close to these colours, and while the band sang, to the accompaniment of a few instruments, Hymn 390 A.M. (Sullivan's tune), the colours were carefully unfurled, and again placed leaning against the drums. After prayers the colours were placed into the hands of the King, and his Majesty delivered them into the keeping of two officers of the battalion, who

RECEIVED THEM KNEELING.

His Majesty then, in a few words, addressed the recipients and the colonel of the battalion, and the latter replied, assuring his Majesty that the colours would be for ever a sacred possession of the regiment. Then to the sound of the General Salute the colours, bravely waving in the strong breeze, were shown to the battalion, whose duty it will be to defend them to the last, and this done the colours were marched across the ground to the Admiralty side of the parade, there to be trooped. During the trooping the Guards marched in the style that has ever been theirs, stepping out grandly, keeping accurate time and excellent line, and altogether the pageant passed off with precision and great beauty. On leaving the ground his Majesty met with a reception that set all the windows in that part of London a-clatter to the sound of cheering.

HIS MAJESTY'S SPEECH.

The King, in presenting the colours, made the following speech:—Col. Dalrymple-Hamilton, it had been the wish of the ever-lamented Queen Victoria, my beloved mother, to have personally presented these colours to your battalion, but that was not to be. But I, in her name as well as my own, entrust them to your care on this day, the anniversary of Queen Victoria's birthday. I need not allude to the glorious traditions of your regiment which are so well known and inscribed on your colours. I feel fully confident that in giving these colours into your hands you will uphold the honour and glory of your Sovereign and country as in the days of yore, and that in days to come it will not be forgotten how the 3rd Battalion first received its colours on this occasion. To you especially, Col. Dalrymple-Hamilton, who have so recently returned from active service, and, alas! suffered so much, I have great pleasure in presenting those colours, and congratulate you on commanding so smart a battalion.

THE COLONEL'S REPLY.

Col. Dalrymple-Hamilton, in reply said:—In the name of the 3rd Battalion Scots Guards I have the honour to tender to your Majesty, our Colonel-in-Chief and our King, our most loyal and grateful thanks for the great honour which your Majesty has conferred upon us on this occasion by presenting personally to us these colours, which are recorded the services of the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the Regiment. It will be our bounden duty to keep up the proud traditions and emulate their gallantry, and to defend with our lives these colours which your Majesty has on this occasion so graciously presented to us.

THE MOTHER'S EVIDENCE.

—The first witness called was Mrs. Sarah Lilian Butler, wife of the accused, and mother of the murdered children. She appeared in a fainting condition, and before her evidence had been concluded had to be assisted outside in a fainting condition. She stated that she had not seen the bodies of her children, and could not look at them.—Coroner: I'm sure we all sympathise with you.—Witness, continuing her evidence, said her husband had been

VERY STRANGLER IN HIS CONVOY for some time past. He was always very fond of the children. He had threatened them once, however, but that was some time ago. Going on to detail what happened on Sunday evening, witness said about six o'clock she put the four younger children to bed. Afterwards her husband requested her to change her dress, and she went upstairs to do so. When she came down the two elder children were with their father, who was smoking in the kitchen. At his request she went to No. 13, Charlton-lane to invite Mr. and Mrs. Pye up to the house. Just as witness reached the house of Mrs. Pye her daughter Lily came running up, and appeared to be ill. Witness did not notice Lily was injured—it was at this juncture that the witness was carried out in a fainting condition.—Accused here, as he did several times during the inquiry, asked leave to put a question, but on this occasion was told by the Coroner to wait.

—WITNESS: I am a widow.—Mrs. Pye, wife of a carpenter, living at 18, Charlton-lane, said CP

A FATHER'S AWFUL CRIME.

FIVE CHILDREN SHOT DEAD.

THE MURDERER'S STRANGE PROCEEDINGS.

At Woolwich, before Mr. D'Eyncourt, Thea. Butler Cole Butler, 43, a grm.-sergt. in the A.S.C., of 63, Charlton-lane, Charlton, was charged by Insp. Sara with the wilful murder of his five children, namely, Gladys, aged 13; Hilda, aged 10; Grace, aged eight; Eric, aged four; and Vera, aged two, by shooting them with a revolver, at 63, Charlton-lane. He was further charged with feloniously wounding his daughter Lily, aged 13, with intent to murder.—

Insp. Sara said that about 10 o'clock on Sunday night he saw prisoner at the police station and said to him, "I must charge you with the wilful murder of your five children and the attempted murder of your daughter Lily, who now lies in the Seamen's Hospital, Greenwich," adding that he had seen the bodies of the five children at the house. Prisoner replied, "You have made a mistake. It is my daughter Gladys who is at Greenwich Hospital. Lily is dead." After a short pause he said, "You are correct with the names."

PRISONER'S ONLY ALIBI.

The charge was read over to prisoner who replied, "I only grieve that this daughter (meaning Lily) suffered for a moment. In the other cases death was instantaneous and they had no suffering." A revolver found in the house was now in Court.—In answer to the magistrate, prisoner said, "I have no questions to ask; the inspector's statement is absolutely correct." Mr. D'Eyncourt remanded prisoner for eight days and directed that he should be seen by a doctor.

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Butler is stated to be the second son of the claimant to the dormant Cahar barony, who a few years ago summoned him for libel at Woolwich Police Court. Butler at that time was stationed at Woolwich. His wife and children have lived at Charlton for 2½ years, he himself having spent a year of that time at Dover. A few weeks ago he was, at his own request, transferred to Woolwich to be near his wife. On Sunday night he sent his wife to ask a neighbour to spend the evening, and whilst she was out he

SHOT THE SIX CHILDREN.

The eldest, named Lily, received the bullet wound in the region of the heart, the ball coming out at the back, and she is now lying in the Seamen's Hospital, Greenwich, where hopes are

DID WILFULLY MURDER

four of my daughters and one son, and did also intend to murder my eldest daughter, aged 13 years."—Coroner: Anything else? No; after premeditation, you may say; likewise due deliberation.—Accused here walked up and signed the declaration amid great sensation.—This concluded the hearing, and the coroner having commented on the sad nature of the case, the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against the father in each case.

OUTSIDE the court hundreds of people had assembled to witness accused's removal to Holloway, and the police could only with difficulty keep the way clear for him to get to the cab which was waiting.

LETTER FROM BUTLER.

The following letter has been received at Dover from Qmr.-sergt. Butler:—Holloway Prison, May 23, 1901.—My dear Sir,—I rather expected to hear from you before this. If you do not mind writing me here, I should very much like to receive a letter from you with all the news. When did this affair of mine first catch you, and how was it received? It must have given a great shock for the moment. I assure you would have sooner expected to hear that the war in South Africa had terminated, would you not? From the Press reports I have read, no motive has yet been assigned, but there was a motive, you may be sure; the very best of motives in this instance, which knowing as you do will readily believe, I am sure. I shall write a full confession before my final retirement from this world, which will be published. I have one of the very best of notions for that also, which will reveal itself later, or I would have gone with my dear children at the same time. I had plenty of cartridges left, but that would have defeated my well-matured object. However, reunion will not be long. I am quite happy and at peace. I am treated with great consideration by the police both at Woolwich and here. Well, bye-bye, for present.—Yours very truly, T.B.C. Butler."

FUNERAL OF THE VICTIMS.

A SENSATIONAL DECLARATION. In St. Alphege Mission Hall, Greenwich, Mr. Wood, opened the inquest on the murdered children. Accused man was present in court in custody of two warders, and appeared just as indifferent to his position as he did in the dock at Woolwich.

THE MOTHER'S EVIDENCE.

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SUNDAY EVENING ABOUT half-past six she heard a knock at the door, and on going down to open it found Mrs. Butler and the daughter Lily, who seemed to have been greatly frightened. A neighbour came up, and leaving Mrs. Butler and Lily in her charge, went to Mrs. Butler's house. There she saw accused coming out of the front gate. He looked strange and pale. Witness said to him, "Your child is ill. Shall I fetch a doctor?"—Coroner: You referred to Lily, of course?—Witness: Yes.

A GRIMSON'S REPLY.

—Coroner: The reply you received was—Witness: How did she escape. I thought I had six corpses. (Sensation.) Witness said she did not understand what he meant. Later she heard what had happened.—Accused here rose in his seat, and said he wished to correct the witness.—Coroner: What did you say?—Accused: I said I thought I had six carcasses. (Sensation.) It's as well to give great injustice and great social conflicts. If the motion was passed with, he was not prepared to oppose it, but the Government, he declared, would not undertake to place the recommendations of the committee on the Statute Book.—The resolution was agreed to.—At the instance of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bill authorising the creation of a bishopric of Southwark was read a second time.

TUESDAY.

THE CHINESE PROBLEM.

Asked by Earl Spencer for information regarding China, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs made a statement covering the whole ground of the Far Eastern problem. His tone was, on the whole, circumstances considered, optimistic. The Chinese, he said, had either executed, or punished in other ways, the chief instigators of the Boxer outrages, and retributive penalties had been demanded for a hundred guilty provincial officials. A total indemnity of 450,000,000 taels had been required, and this was now under discussion. His Majesty's Government had proposed that the debt should be redeemed by bonds, extinguishable in a term of years by payment of principal and interest, and served by a lien on certain sources of Chinese revenue, the yield from which, they suggested, should be transferred to a board or council, whose business it would be to receive the money and distribute it to the credit of the Powers. He hoped that the dispute as to the Tientsin railway siding would soon be submitted to an international investigation. With regard to the Elliot Islands, he had refused to respond to the protest of the Russian Admiral, as treaty rights gave us access to the group.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MONDAY.

THE RE-ORGANISED BRITISH ARMY.

Questions were asked as to the establishment of some permanent military associations between Great Britain and the Colonies, either by naming regiments in this country after those dependencies which sent contingents to S. Africa, or by raising Colonial corps for Imperial service.—Inquirers were told that it was hoped to set up such a body by means of the re-organised Yeomanry.

TUESDAY.

THE BUDGET.

Viscount Cranborne made a statement on affairs in China similar to that of his chief in the Upper Chamber, but with the additional information that an apportionment had been tendered by the Chinese for firing at a bugle and lighting flying the British flag on the river at Tientsin.—Mr. Brodrick was able to assure Mr. Bartley that a story about a Boer prisoner having been shot dead by a British sentry at St. Helena, which appeared in "The Review of Reviews," was "untrue and mischievous," like others persistently disseminated by this journal.—Sir T. Wrightson, Sir H. Read, Mr. Hanbury, Sir J. Pense, Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Alfred Thomas, Col. Milward, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, and Mr. Balfe contributed to the further debate on Sir H. Fowler's amendment to the second reading of the Finance Bill, which was eventually defeated by a majority of 177.

WEDNESDAY.

THE ALLOTMENT SYSTEM IN IRELAND.

The sitting was taken up with the discussion of the Labourers (Ireland) Act Amendment Bill, the second reading of which was moved by Mr. Gurnell, who said that it was aimed at extending the English allotment system to Ireland, bringing all classes of workmen within the purview of the law, and making the Land Commissioners the court of appeal against provisional orders instead of the Privy Council. The Irish Attorney-General said that the Government were unable to accept the bill, and the motion was rejected by 222 to 177.

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